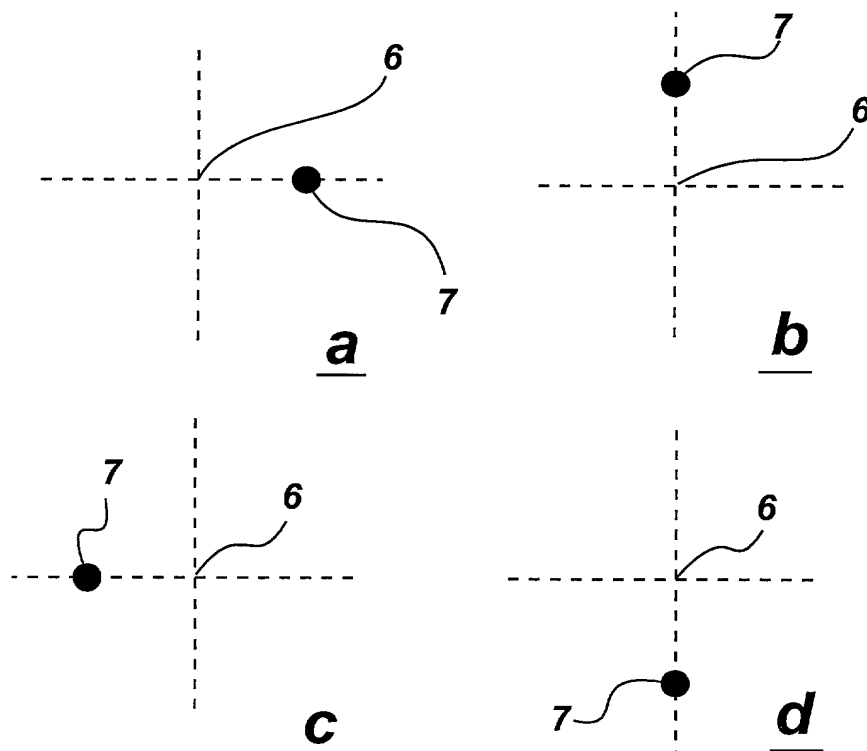
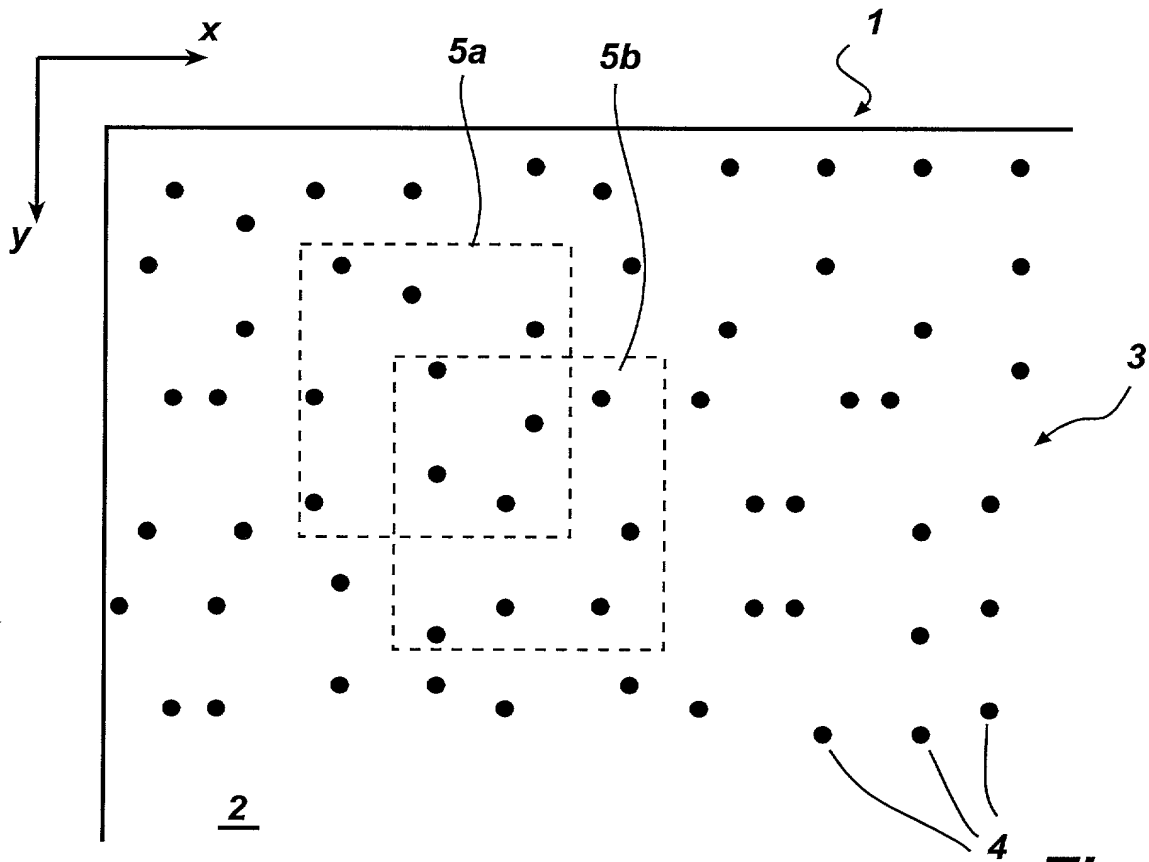


1/5



2/5

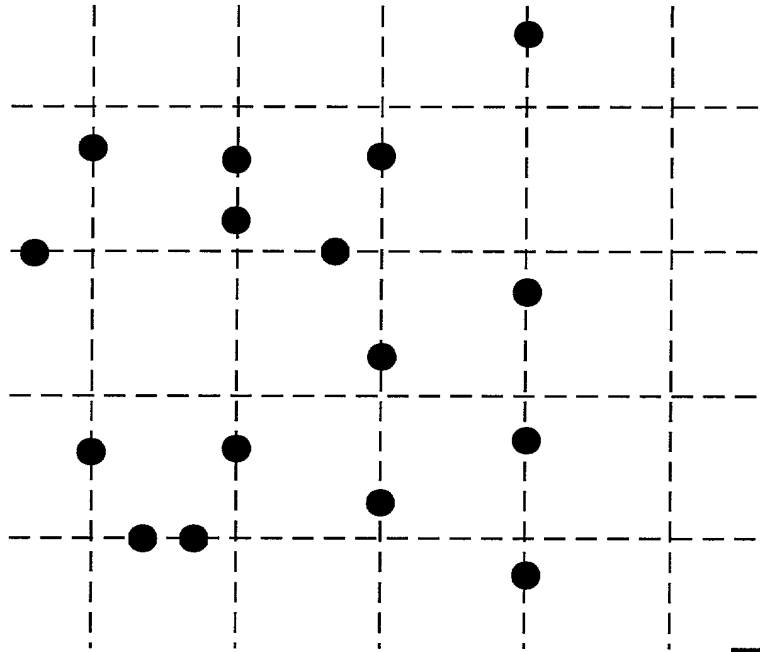


Fig. 3

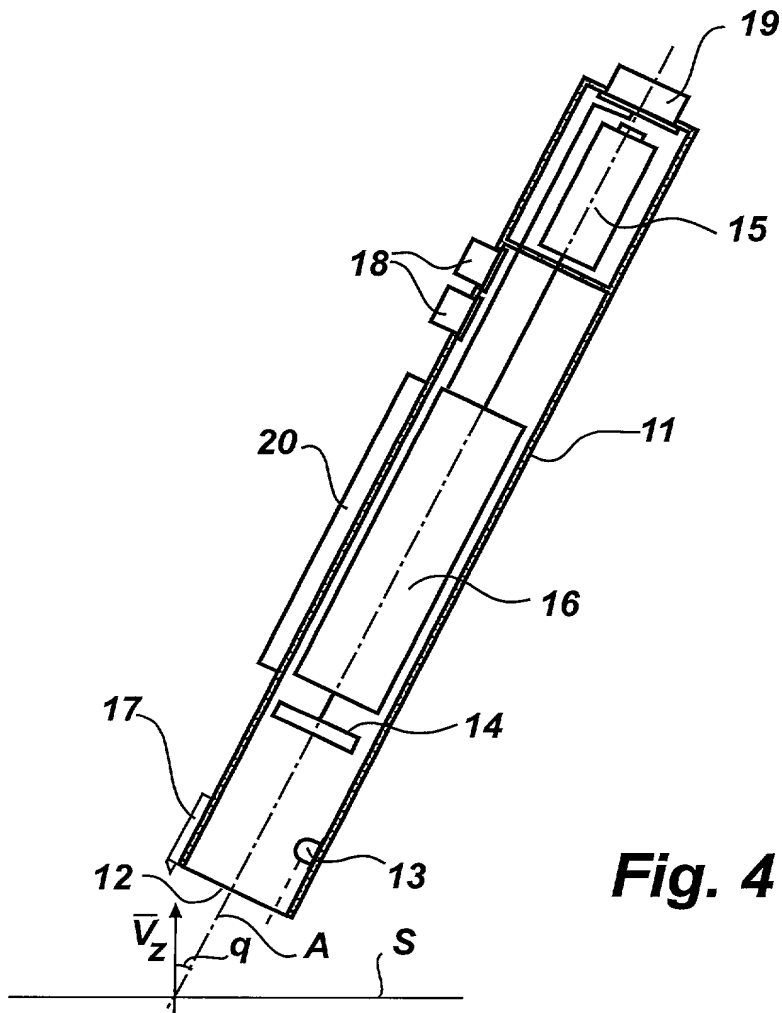


Fig. 4

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? 501
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all ~~two~~ short a date: /○ ← 502
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his ~~green~~ complexion dimm'd; ~~✓~~ gold ← 503
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall ~~fade~~ not ← 504
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

Fig. 5a

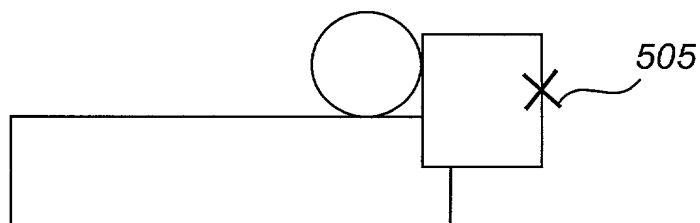
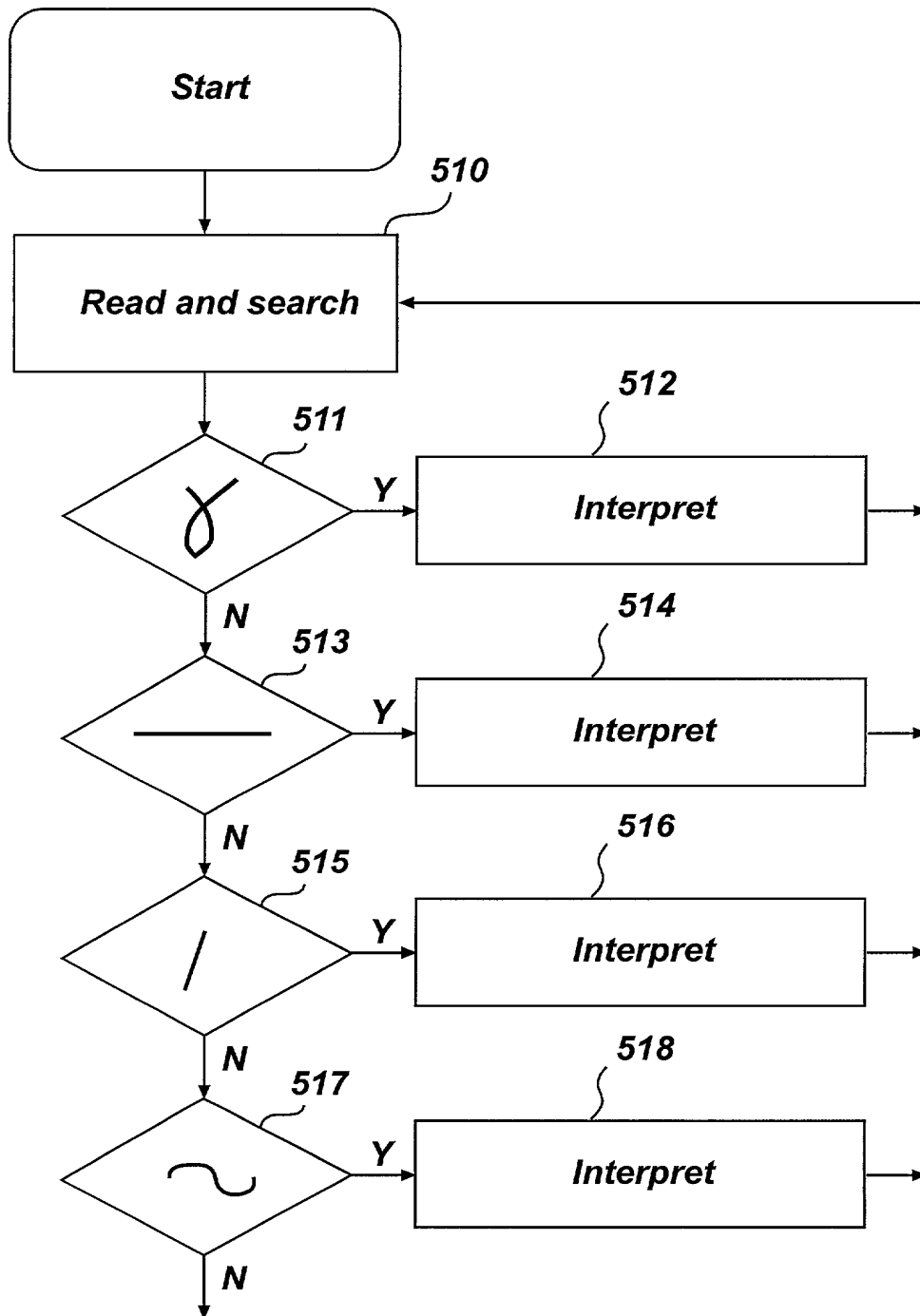
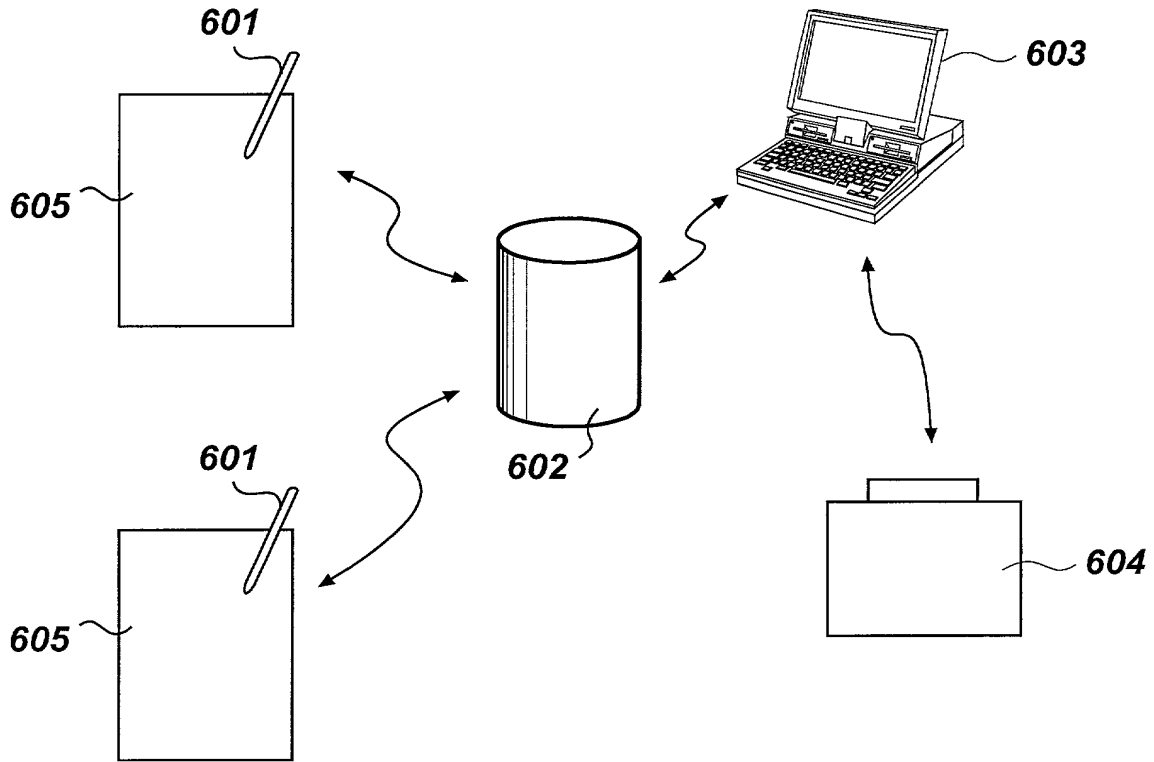


Fig. 5b

**Fig. 5c**

**Fig. 6**